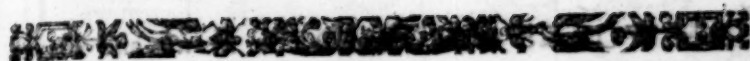


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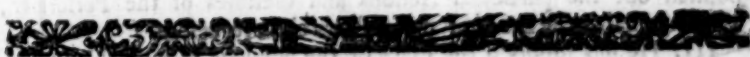
November 1877

On Thursday and Friday, 14th and 15th Nov. 1877.

Printed at the Victoria Press, London.



AN
HOSPITAL
FOR
FOOLS.



[Price One Shilling.]

November 19, 1739.

On Thursday next will be Publish'd, very neatly Printed,

Compleat in TEN VOLUMES in Twelves,

With a Frontispiece to each Comedy,

The WORKS of MOLIERE in *French* and *English*.

Being a very proper New-Year's Gift to all young Gentlemen and Ladies at Boarding-Schools, &c. as not only of the highest Use and Instruction to those who learn the French Language, but likewise the most Innocent and Entertaining Amusement to others.

THESE Ten Volumes contain not only the Seventeen Plays of this Author, publish'd some Years ago in Eight Volumes, call'd, *A Select Collection of Moliere's Comedies*, revis'd with great Corrections, but likewise Thirteen more Plays, besides other Pieces, now first translated, and which compleat his Works.

The Original Text is taken from the late *Grand Paris* Edition, in Six Volumes, Quarto, sold at the Price of Six Guineas. An Edition so superior to any of the former, that it has given quite a new Face to the Author.

In the first Place the learned Editor, Mr. *LA SERRE*, consulted the Editions of the Pieces publish'd in the Author's Life-time, which gave him room to reform several flagrant Corruptions which had crept into the Text, to restore several Omissions, and retrench several spurious Passages.

II. He has distinguish'd the Scenes with much more Exactness, and more punctually mark'd the Instant of Time of the several Entrances and Exits, than is done in the preceding Editions; and has likewise pointed out the particular Actions and Gestures of the Performers, which explains the Sense of many Parts obscure before.

III. He has supply'd the Place of the fabulous Life of the Author, and tedious Preface prefix'd to the former Editions, by faithful Memoirs of the Life of *Moliere*, and historical Criticisms on each of his Performances, which are prefix'd to the respective Plays, pointing out the Time of their Appearance, the Success they met with, and their several Merits.

By this Means we may safely aver, that our Edition, even with regard to the *French*, is far preferable to any Pocket Edition of this Author hitherto extant, and how serviceable the *English* Translation, done closely to the Original, and placed on the opposite Page, must be to the Learners of either Language, need not be insisted on.

80. C. 18
5

A N
H O S P I T A L
F O R
F O O L S.

A
D R A M A T I C F A B L E.

As it is Acted at the THEATRE-ROYAL,
By His M A J E S T Y ' s S e r v a n t s .

To which is added the Songs with their Basses and
Symphonies, and Transposed for the Flute.

The M U S I C K by Mr. A R N E .

Sung by Mrs. C L I V E .

Dulce est desipere in loco.

Horat.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. W A T T S at the Printing-Office in
Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

M D C C X X X I X .

[Price 1 s .



Æscul
Mercur
Father
Daugh
Son,
Rake,
Hus
Hus
Wife,
Friend
Beau,
Poet,
Statesm
Mar
Mar
Mar
Wifem

S



Dramatis Personæ.

Æsculapius,
Mercury,
Father,
Daughter,
Son,
Rake,
Husband,
Husband,
Wife,
Friend,
Beau,
Poet,
Statesman,
Man,
Man,
Man,
Wifeman,

Mr. Berry.
Mr. Macklin.
Mr. Penkethman.
Mrs. Clive.
Mr. Casbell.
Mr. Ridout.
Mr. Woodburn.
Mr. Rafter.
Mrs. Marshall.
Mr. Green.
Mr. Yates.
Mr. Woodward.
Mr. Turbut.
Mr. Gray.
Mr. Cole.
Mr. Marshall.
Mr. Taswell.

SCENE, *A Grand Hall for the Hospital.*



AN

AN ADDITIONAL
SONG.

The Musick by Mr. *ARNE*.

Sung by Mrs. *CLIVE*.

A I R.

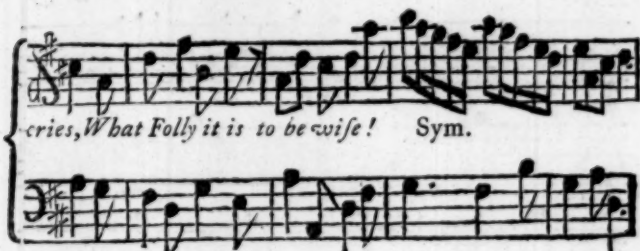
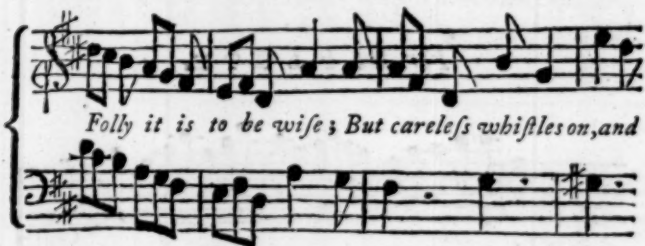
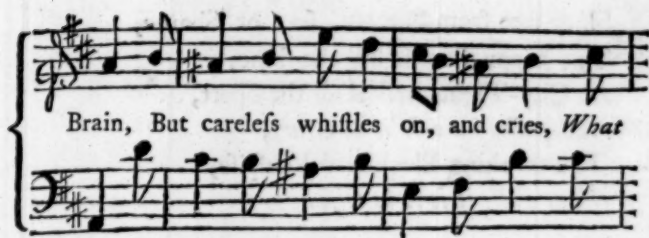
Sym.

How smoothly glides the Fool thro' Life, He thinks not,

He, of Debts or Wife, Ne'er gives his Heart one

Moment's Pain, Nor lets one Thought o'ertake his

An ADDITIONAL SONG.



Whilst Men of Sense shall fret and foam,
 'Cause Spouse will rule the Roast at home;
 At Levees cringe, in Lobbies wait,
 Do all that's *Little* to be *Great*,
 The Fool still whistles on, and cries
What Folly it is to be wise!

When silly Men of Sense look sad,
 And pout and glout 'cause Times are bad,
 Or, still more silly, shave the Head
 'Cause Deary's caught with *John* in Bed,
 The Fool still whistles on, and cries
What Folly it is to be wise!

Since

An ADDITIONAL SONG.

Since free from Sorrow, fear or Shame,
The happy Fool is still the same,
At City-Treats makes all the Sport,
And passes for a *Wit* at Court,
The thinking Blockhead I despise,
What Folly it is to be wise!

For the FLUTE.





INTRODUCTION.

SCENE, *The GREEN ROOM.*

POET, ACTRESS.

POET.



ELL, Madam, are you ready to begin my Piece?

Actress. Yes, Sir, and to end it soon, I believe.

Poet. Why, 'tis but short, I must own.

Actress. O Sir! as short as it is, the Audience, I fancy, will cut it much shorter. ----- To be plain with you, Sir, I don't like it at all. You have introduc'd a pack of Fools here that han't got a grain of Wit amongst 'em; they talk in the most ridiculous foolish manner possible.

Poet. And pray, dear Madam, how would you have Fools talk?

Actress. Talk, Sir, why as they talk in our modern Comedies, with all the good Sense, Wit and Spirit imaginable.

Poet. Perhaps so, but I am satisfy'd with letting mine talk like what they are; I think it my business to make People laugh at their Folly, not their Wit.

Actress. Laugh, Sir! Ha, ha, ha! why, there's no Laughing in it; when I had read it but half over I fell fast asleep, and dreamt I was reading *Seneca's Morals*. ----- Why, Sir, d'ye think to divert an Audience with your Sentences and your Distichs? Do

B

People

INTRODUCTION.

People come to the Play-house for Edification? or to learn their Catechism of you Poets?

Poet. Not absolutely so, perhaps. However, as we have lately had Instances of Pieces of the more serious Cast being well receiv'd by the Town, I have no Apprehensions on that account. People of Taste and good Sense need not be always kept on the Grin to be diverted. Writers who endeavour at nothing but raising a Laugh, often do it in a wrong Place.

Actress. Psha! Make but People laugh, and you do your Business, I tell you.

Poet. I can't be persuaded of that, Madam. To laugh without Reason is the Pleasure of a Fool, and to laugh against Reason the Pleasure only of a Knave.

Actress. And not to laugh at all is, is--- Lard! he stops one's Mouth so with his musty Morals!--Lookye, Sir, if you had not given me a merrier Part than the rest of your Fools, I would have flung it behind the Fire.

Poet. Madam, I am glad I have satisfy'd you.

Actress. Sir, you have not satisfy'd me, I am not so easily satisfied as you imagine; I have this Comfort however, I am not to appear till the Thing's almost half over, and by that time I believe I shall have no occasion to appear at all.

Enter ACTOR.

Actor. Sir--- Madam--- for Heav'n's sake let us begin.

Actress. What's the matter?

Actor. Why, they are pounding ready to bring the House down.--- There'll be plaguy Work! plaguy Work! I see that.

Poet. Why so, Sir?

Actor. Why, I have been just peeping thro' the Curtain.

Actress. Well!

Actor. And there are a thousand Lac'd Hats in the Pit.

Actress. Ay! Nay, then 'tis over with you.

Poet. Not at all, Madam; I meet with Candour and good Sense as often under a lac'd Hat as a plain one.

Actor. But, Sir, d'ye think you'll be suffer'd, with Impunity, to satirize all Mankind thus, and shew no Respect to Rank or Profession.

Poet.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

Poet. Vice and Folly, Sir, debase all Characters, as Treason taints the highest Blood; and if a Peer will level himself with his Footman, he ought to be treated as such, tho' he wears perhaps a richer Livery.

Actress. What, moralizing again! Harkye, Mr. a-- a-- you had better write a Tragedy by half; then you might stalk in Buskins bravely,

And strut, and puff out ev'ry starry Spark,
Whilst Gods meet Gods, and juggle in the Dark.

[Mimicking a Tragedian.]

Actor. But then your Plot, Sir, your Plot; pray, where are we to go to look for that?

Poet. Look for it!

Actress. Ay Sir, look for it! I'll maintain there's no more *Design* in your Performance than has been in half the *State Plots* for these Forty Years past. Why, there's not a single Wedding, nor so much as a Promise of Marriage in it.

Poet. I did not know a Plot was necessary to constitute a Fable. I have heard of a Fable's having a moral, indeed.

Actor. Ah, lack-a-day, Sir! you may give it what Name you please, but 'twill certainly be damn'd. You don't know the Play-house yet, I find.

Poet. But I know Gentlemen that frequent it, and I seldom found when they had any thing would entertain 'em, but they gave it all the Encouragement it merited; and troth, if they can't laugh with a thing, they are in the right, in my Opinion, to laugh at it.

Actress. O! your Servant, most submissive Sir, you'll talk in another Tone by and by.

Poet. Not at all; and therefore, Sir, I desire, if it should have the Fate of being generally disliked, that you would give it up at once, and not attempt to dragoon the Town into it.

Actor. O! with all my Heart, Sir, I shall be ready enough to do that, for I expect to be pelted off the Stage.

Poet. Why then, Sir, as I think you play the Part of *Mercury*, be so good as to clap the Wings to your Heels immediately, that they may be ready to convey your Body with more speed out of Harm's way. ---- One Word more, Sir; as we may expect a

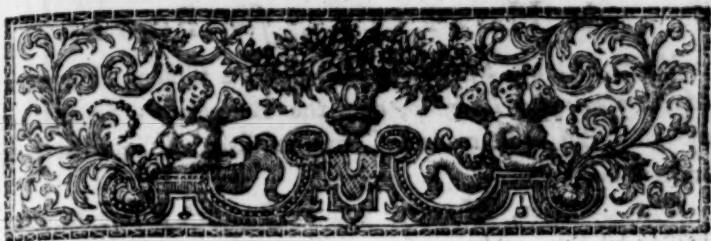
INTRODUCTION.

great number of Patients thronging to our Hospital, we shall want room in abundance ; and therefore if your fine Gentlemen behind the Scenes will crowd forward on the Stage, I desire you'll take them into your Number of Fools, and clap them up in your Hospital too.

Actress. Yes, yes, leave that to me, I'll take care that shall be done.

Actor. And so I wish you well off, Sir. --- Mr. *Cbetwood*, ring for the Overture. [*Exeunt.*





A N

HOSPITAL *for* FOOLS.

SCENE, *a grand Hall for the* HOSPITAL.

ÆSCULAPIUS and *MERCURY*.

ÆSCULAPIUS.



MERCURY, make Proclamation once more, That whereas daily Complaints are made by all the World of the Follies of Mankind, the great *Jupiter*, out of his fatherly Compassion, has sent *Æsculapius* to apply Medicines to 'em, and that those who are troubled with Folly of any kind may repair hither, and be cur'd without Fee or Reward.

Mer. 'Slife! *Æsculapius*, what would you have me do? I have proclaim'd it already at the four Corners of the World. *Jupiter* finds out very pretty Employments for me, truly; I wonder what he intends me for at last! He has made a Pimp of me many a time already --- but that indeed --- that's a genteel Office enough, and no great trouble in it, for now-a-days Affairs of that sort are brought to bear in a trice.

Æsc. Say you so, *Mercury*?

Merc.

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Merc. Ay, ay, ay----- a low Bow, a Golden Shower, and, *May it please your Ladyship*, does the Business. --- So that's easy enough. But to be made a Common Crier of, is what I don't understand.

Æsc. Consider, *Mercury*, you are *Jupiter's* Prime-Minister as well as his Son, and therefore must not stick at doing any thing to keep him easy. But where are our Patients, *Mercury*? No Candidates come for Admittance?

Merc. Not a single Patient, Master Doctor. This taking no Fees won't do. People think they can never be well cur'd unless they have a Doctor that picks their Pockets for 'em stoutly; one that takes a double Fee is as wise again as he that takes but a single One.

Æsc. But sure, this is astonishing! Every particular Man complains of the Follies that are in the World, by means of which they are neither happy in themselves, nor will suffer others to be so; and yet, when we are come to apply Medicines to 'em, there's not one that offers himself to be cur'd.

Merc. Not astonishing at all. An Hospital for Fools, indeed, in this wise Age! If you had founded an Hospital for Insolvent Courtiers, Bankrupt Citizens, Threadbare Poets, or Lunatick Methodists, you'd have had Patients enough; nay, had you erected one for Knaves, all the World would have flock'd to it, that they might not be thought Fools.

Æsc. I don't question it. But what can be done in this Business?

Mer. Lookye, *Æsculapius*, I am a very improper Person to advise in Points relating to Physick. *Jupiter* be prais'd! I have very little to do with it; he keeps me in too full Employment; I use too much Exercise to want much Physick. --- However give me leave to tell you, that there's one thing in this Disease of Folly different from all other kinds, which is, That Men can soon spy the least Symptom of it in others, and yet not perceive the greatest in themselves. Suppose then we were to make Proclamation that every Man should give notice of what other People he knows, who are troubled with that Distemper.

Æsc. Well judg'd, *Mercury*; let it be as you say.

Ma.

An HOSPITAL for FOOLS. 7

Merc. [Turning to each side of the Stage.] *O---Yes! O---Yes!*
O---Yes! Whoever has any Relation, Friend or Acquaintance,
that's troubled with Folly, of whatever kind, let him bring them hi-
ther, and they shall be cur'd without Fee or Reward.

Enter a great Crowd of MEN and WOMEN.

Æsc. Bless us! what Crowds are pouring in upon us now.

1 Man. Here, Sir, I have brought you a Fool to be cur'd.

2 Man. Pray, Sir, take my Fool first, for he is dangerously ill.

3 Man. Take pity upon my Fool, good Sir, for he has a Complication of Folly upon him.

Merc. Pray, Gentlemen, have a little Patience; you shall be all cur'd one after another.

1 Man. All cur'd! what d'ye mean by that, Sir? I don't want to be cur'd, not I; I have no occasion for my self.

Merc. No, no, no; we don't suspect you have, Friend.

2 Man. How! no Occasion, Neighbour? I wish for your own sake you had not. For my part, indeed —

Merc. O! for your part! you are quite free from it; 'tis writ in your Face that you are.

Æsc. *Mercury*, keep the Crowd off with your *Caduceus*, and bring the Patients up in order.

Merc. Stand off there, Gentlemen, and do not prefs upon us so. Here, you old Fellow, come in here with your Patient: Make your Reverence to *Æsculapius*, and tell him what you would have.

Father. An't please you, Sir, this young Man is a Kinsman of mine: He came very young to a great Estate, half of which he has made a shift to squander away already, and is in great danger of doing so by the rest in a short time, if you do not cure him of his Folly.

Merc. O! when he has spent t'other half, he'll be cur'd of course.

Father. I have taken a great deal of pains in advising him, but when in the wisest manner I talk to him about this, why, truly he laughs at me, and that is all the Thanks I have for my pains.

Æsc.

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Æsc. Mercury, put him in the Hospital, care shall be taken of him.

Rake. I desire, Sir, that you would please to hear me first, and judge whether it is this old Fellow, or I, who have most need of your Medicines. I spend my Estate in pleasing my self, and wou'dn't it be a great Folly to debar my self of Pleasure the present Moment, which is all I am sure of, for fear of not having means to enjoy it a future one, to which I don't know I shall ever come: Besides, is it not a Madness to waste all my Youth, which is the only Time we are capable of Pleasure, to lay up Wealth for an Age when we are not capable of any at all.

Father. Ah! prodigal Puppy, prodigal Puppy!

Rake. Now this old Miser, who has the Confidence to accuse me, does ten times worse: He did not only heap up all his Youth, but continues to do so still; and though his Age and Infirmities give him hourly notice that the Worms are watching for him, yet is he at his Usury, his Extortion, and a hundred ways to scrape together, as if he were to live ten thousand Years longer.

Merc. Well turn'd! Youngster.

Rake. Then he'll stick at no Expence, either of Pains or Honesty, to heap up what he never intends to make use of. If Deceit is for his purpose, why he'll use it to the utmost of his Power. If Cruelty would save a Penny, he'd flea a poor Creditor for the Price of his Skin.

Father. Ah, lying Rogue! extravagant Rogue!

Rake. And then if a Bond or Mortgage happens to fail, how passionately does he lament over the Parchment Carcass, when the Soul of the Security is departed; his Face is immediately put into deep Mourning, and so would the rest of his Person if it wa'n't for the Charge. His Gold might have as well stay'd at Peru as come into his Custody, for he has nothing of it but the trouble of looking after it.

Mer. Um --- so an Ass is just as much enrich'd by his Burthen, as he is by his Estate.

Æsc. A very palpable Folly indeed. *Mercury*, put him aside too.

Rake

An HOSPITAL for FOOLS. 9

Rake. Right; I did not doubt, Sir, but that I should convince you at last. I may go away now, I suppose.

Æsc. Hold, hold Friend! does that Man's being a Fool hinder you from being a Fool too? If it be a Folly in him to heap up Mony that he can never probably live to spend, is it not a greater Folly in you to squander away that Mony which probably you will live to want.

Father. Bravely said! wisely said! [*To Mercury.*] This same Doctor is a wise Man, I find that. He knows the Worth of Mony.

Æsc. *Mercury*, take care that they be put into the Hospital together.

Father. Hold, hold, hold, Sir! with your leave, I have two or three Patients more for you yet; I have a Son and a Daughter that stand in need of your Advice.

Æsc. Nay, pr'ythee, bring thy whole Family if thou woo't.

Father. Ah, if my Wife, poor Woman! was but alive--- but she is dead--- ay, dead for these---- I can't help weeping when I think on't; or else she, poor Woman! she would have been a brave Patient to you.

Mer. I don't at all question it, for none but a brave Fool would have been thy Wife.--- But go, Friend, and bring us what is left of thy notable Family. [*Exit Father.*] In the mean time here are other Patients.

Æsc. Well, Gentlemen, what have you to say?

Friend. This, Sir, is a Friend of mine, an honest good-natur'd Man as lives; but he has a Wife who makes him the greatest Fool in Nature; and though she abuses him in the grossest manner, so that half the Town laugh at him, yet is he himself blind to that in his own House, which every Stranger sees. Here is 'a fine Gallant, who has been often found with her Ladyship, and who can tell you more, if you examine him.

Merc. Soh! now for marrried Fools; we shall have enough of them I don't question; but 'twill be all in vain, for 'tis over with them, they are past all cure.

Æsc. Well, Sir, and what can you say?

C

Beau.

10 *An HOSPITAL for FOOLS.*

Beau. All that I can say, Sir, is, That the Gentleman is a very worthy Gentleman, and his Lady a very fine Lady. He has often indeed bragg'd to me of the Happiness of a marry'd Life; I thought the best way to find out this Happiness was by conversing a little with his Lady, who has fully convinced me of all her Husband said. But as I have a perfect Friendship for the Gentleman, I must confess, Sir, I am as well satisfied with his having a fine Wife, as if I had one my self.

Merc. He has a fine time on't the mean while.

Husb. I own, Sir, I have nothing to say in contradiction to these Gentlemen; all that they say may be true, for what I know. Half the Town, the first says, laugh at me for being a Cuckold; and he would have me make it publick, that the other Half might laugh at me too. But pray how much wiser does he act? Why, he had one of the best of Wives, and one that he was fond of too, and yet has the jealous-pated Wretch cast her off with Infamy and Shame, for a groundless Suspicion: And, therefore, if a few laugh at me for a tame Husband, there's a much greater number who rail at him for an ill-natur'd one.

Merc. Nay, one's as ill-natur'd as t'other, for as a jealous Husband uses a Woman ill himself, so a tame one is the cause of a Woman's using herself ill.

Husb. Now for this finish'd Gentleman, who can with so much Delicacy rally the poor Fools that marry! upon what noble Design, pray, is all his Time, Pains and Money wasted? even, Gentlemen, that this most charming Person of his may attain, with all this Trouble and Cost, what I received twenty thousand Pound for doing before him.

Merc. Yes, Friend, but the Mischief is, that you are obliged to maintain the Hive, while he devours the Honey.

Esc. Very great Fools truly, all three! In with them all. Is it not strange, *Mercury*? One would think every Man wise when we hear him talk of other Peoples Concerns, and yet we find them all Fools when we look into their own.

Merc. Lack-a-day! *Esculapius*, how should it be otherwise? When a Man is told of his Folly he does not consider whether it be true, and endeavour to mend it; he only considers whether

the

An HOSPITAL for FOOLS. II

the Man who tells him of this be not guilty of some Folly too; and if he finds he is he rests as well satisfied in laughing at him, as if he were free from all Folly himself.

Æsc. Well, old Gentlewoman, what is it you have to say against that young Man?

Wife. An't please you, Sir, this young Man is my Husband.

Merc. How!

Wife. Yes, Sir; why?

Merc. Nay, much good may it do him, that's all.

Wife. He made fair Pretences to me before Marriage, but now he neglects and despises me for every other Woman.

Merc. Strange! who could have thought it?

Wife. 'Tis true indeed; and I appeal to you, Sir, whether it be not a great Folly for a Man to tie himself, during Life, to a Woman he does not love?

Æsc. Yes, without doubt it is. *Mercury*, put them both up.

Wife. Both up! an't please you, Sir, it is I who make the Complaint.

Merc. Very good, Mistress; and if it be a Folly in him to marry a Woman that he does not love, was it not a Folly in you to marry a Man who, your Age might tell you, never could love you?

Æsc. Ay, ay, ay, in with 'em both, in with 'em both.

Merc. But see, here are a thousand other Wives who accuse their Husbands, and Husbands who complain of their Wives.

Æsc. Put them in *all* without Deliberation; for though People may be allowed to be as critical in their choice as they please before Marriage, yet 'tis a very great Folly to complain afterwards.

Merc. It would be endless Work to hear of every one who play'd the Fool in Marriage; we may ev'n put up all the married People at a venture; and if there be any one who can give us satisfactory Reasons to prove that he did not play the Fool in it, why, we will let him out again.

Husb. No, Sir, I will not go in; no one can say I committed any Folly in marrying.

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Merc. How, Friend! marry and commit no Folly! What sort of Wife have you, pray?

Husb. One who has Wit, Beauty, Riches, and is a Person of Quality.

Æsc. It is very much to be suspected that thou art guilty of Folly in having this Opinion of her.

Merc. Right; a Woman with Wit, Beauty, Riches, and a Person of Quality too, marry an odd disagreeable Fellow, and not cuckold him! Harkye, Friend, if this be true, you may go away your self, but be sure you send your Wife in your Place.

Husb. Why so, Sir? Do you reckon it a Folly in a Woman not to cuckold her Husband?

Æsc. No, Friend, we do not tell you so; but when a Woman who finds by her Constitution that she shall make *any* Husband

Cuckold, takes one who is very fit for that purpose, there are some wicked People who think she does as wisely as a Woman in her Circumstances could do.

Merc. Besides, when a Woman marries a Man who is fit for no other Use than to make a Cuckold of, without a Design of putting him to that Use, that that Woman commits a Folly is pretty plain, I think; so either stay your self, or send your Wife, Friend, which you please.

Enter FATHER and SON.

Father. Here, an't please your Reverence, I have got my Son for you, pray do what you can to cure him.

Son. 'Sdeath! Sir, what d'ye mean by bringing me here? Furies! Sir, I have no occasion for a Cure.

Æsc. I suspect you have, Friend, for I always question those Peoples Truth most who swear the most.

Son. 'Slife! Sir, d'ye give me the Lye? Split you! Sir, you shall cut my Throat then, or I'll cut yours--- 'Sdeath! Sir, come with me this Moment, or I'll lead you by the Nose.

Fath. Ah! there you see his Distemper ----- he's a fighting Fool; he's drawing himself into continual Scrapes by it; if he had been once run thro' the Body it would not have vex'd me; but

An HOSPITAL for FOOLS. 13

but what's worse, I am continually forc'd to part with my Money to make up his Squabbles, or buy his Pardon.

Son. 'Blood, Sir, answer me this Moment; do you know how to handle a Blade or not?

Merc. No, Friend, he has only one way of putting People to death; he can't fight, but he can *write*, Sir, and that's more effectual.

Son. What, has he kill'd his Man?

Merc. Yes, his Dozens, or he ought to be *undoe* for'd.

Son. Sir, I adore you, I love you, and honour you as a Gentleman, Sir.

Father. A Gentleman, Sir! Yes, a Gentleman-like Affair truly! either to be run thro' the Maw, or tuck'd up by the Neck.

Son. The first, Sir, is dying honourably; and, as to the other, we only laugh at those Stories. Don't tell me of a parcel of starch'd Lawyers with their ridiculous Cant. *Murdravit, et Stragem practicavit*; very pretty Stuff to dispatch a Man of Honour with! D'ye think a Jury of Haberdashers and Chandlers proper Animals to give Rules to Gentlemen, Sir? As for the Bench, they know better; but as they have a Thousand a Year for making of Malefactors, they must say something in Defence of their Trade.

Father. Very pretty! mighty pretty! So you are above all Law it should seem! You'll be your own Judge, and Jury too, be-like.

Son. If the Government won't consult the Honour of Gentlemen in their Laws, we must right ourselves, that's all.

Father. Ay, ay, with all reason. I wonder you don't challenge the Crown and the two Houses to give you Satisfaction.

Son. Excuse me, Sir; I must comply with the Fashion.

Merc. Fashion! ha, ha, ha! that's merry enough; and so 'tis as indifferent a thing with you to cut a Man's Throat, or let it alone, as to wear a broad-brim'd Hat or a narrow one, hey!

Fath. Yes, yes, it will be the Fashion soon, I suppose, for such extravagant young Rakes to run us Fathers thro' the Gizzards, to come the sooner at our Estates, and he'll be the first in that Fashion,

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fhion, I'll warrant him. --- Pray, Mr. Doctor, let him be blood-
ed and blister'd directly, for a senseless hot-headed Puppy as
he is.

Son. 'Sdeath! Sir; hot-headed, Sir? What d'ye mean, Sir?
Was not you yourself the Cause of it?

Father. I the Cause of it! I teach it him, impudent Rogue!
I never saw a naked Sword in my Life.

Son. No, Sir, but you may remember when you had brought
yourself into a Quarrel, tho' I was but a Boy, and you in full
Vigour, you obliged me to fight your Man for you; I succeeded in
the Combat, and ever since have been fond of the Trade.

Merc. Soh! old Gentleman, you stand convicted a second time;
Avarice and Cowardice are prov'd flat upon you.

Æsc. Yes, yes, turn in Father and Son together.

Father. Hold, Sir, if you please, I'll have my Daughter along
with me. --- O! here she comes.

Enter DAUGHTER.

Daugh. Your Servant, Gentlemen! Your Servant, Sir! Isn't
it time to go?

Æsc. Go! where?

Daugh. Where! Can you ask that Question?

Merc. Why truly, Child, I think it a very necessary Question;
I can't tell how one should know the Time of going, unless we
knew where 'twas we were to go.

Daugh. Bless me! Sir; d'ye know what Night 'tis? Isn't it
Oratorio Night?

Merc. O! *Oratorio* Night! I beg Pardon. --- [*Aside.*] This is
an *English* Fool, I suppose.

Father. Ay, ay, there's her Folly now; she minds nothing but
Piping and Fiddling; she lives upon *B-fa-bemi*.

Daugh. O charming *Oratorio*! O dear, dear *Saul*! I expire at
that *Duetto*, and the *Dead March* brings me to life again.

Father. To life again! I'm sorry for it, I'm sure. If you had
expir'd for good and all 'twou'd have been many a Crown in my
Pocket.

Daugh.

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Daugh. Crown in your Pocket! what ridiculous Notions some People have! Would you think it now, Mr. *Mercury*? This frugal Papa of mine, as well as he loves Money, can subscribe Five Pound a Year towards the Support of a Place for nasty sick People, and yet grudge a few Crowns to a ravishing Foreigner.

Father. Ravishing! ah, 'tis well they can't ravish, you Slut you, or else —

Daugh. Now which is the greatest Fool of the two? — begging your Pardon, Papa.

Merc. I can't tell, Child, indeed, which is the greatest.

Daugh. [*To Æsculapius.*] Come, come, Signior Doctor, you must love Musick; you know *Alexander's Feast*, to be sure; I'll sing you a Song out of it.

S O N G.

The Prince, unable to conceal his Pain,

Gaz'd on the Fair

Who caus'd his Care,

And sigh'd, and look'd, and sigh'd again, &c.

Well, Gentlemen, what! ne'er an *Encore*! So many People here, and not a single *Encore*? My Stars! these Folks are absolutely void of all Taste.

Æsc. You are not void of Tongue, Child, I'm sure.

Daugh. [*To Mercury, viewing his Caduceus.*] Pray, Sir, what Instrument is that in your Hand? a Sackbut, or Cymbal, or Psaltery? or some new Invention? — O charming Sackbut! a Sackbut! my Delight of all things. Pray, Sir, who did you learn of?

Merc. I, Madam! I learnt of the *Spheres*.

Daugh. Ay! that's some famous Hand, I suppose, just come over; well, I hope we shall have 'em all in time.

Æsc. Harkye, old Gentleman, this appears to have more of Madness than Folly in it, and so does not come within our Province of Cure.

Father. A pize on't! What shall I do with her?

Daugh.

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Daugh. Well, I'll swear 'tis a horrid Shame that there is not a new Tax made for the Encouragement of those People; at least, I think they might apply the *Sinking Fund* to that Purpose.

Father. Bless us! what Phrensy possesses the Slut.

Daugh. [To *Æsculapius*.] Sir, you look like a wise Man; but you are come upon a mighty silly Errand: Cure People of their Folly indeed! I'm sure it is the pleasanter thing in the World to play the Fool now and then: Wisdom's good for nothing, by what I can find, but to plague other People, and one's self too. If I am a Fool, I'll be a Fool still, and live at my Ease. I'll give you a Song upon that, Mr. *Mercury*.

S O N G.

*A Fool enjoys the Sweets of Life,
Unwounded by its Cares ;
He thinks not, He, of Debts or Wife ;
He feels not, He, nor fears.*

*If Fortune smiles, as smile she will,
Upon her booby Brood,
The Fool anticipates no Ill,
But reaps the present Good.*

*Or should, thro' love of Change, her Wheels
Her fav'rite Bantling cross,
The happy Fool no Anguish feels,
He weighs not Gain or Loss.*

*When Knaves o'er-reach, and Friends betray,
Whilst Men of Sense run mad,
Fools, careless, whistle on --- and say,
'Tis silly to be sad.*

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*Since free from Sorrow, Fear, and Shame,
A Fool thus Fate defies,
The greatest Folly I can name
Is to be Overwise.*

Merc. Well, *Æsculapius*, how does your Gravity like this? This is the most entertaining Patient we have met with yet. ---- Troth, I think 'tis a pity to cure her.

Æsc. No, *Mercury*, the Distemper is not less pernicious for being entertaining. When People are arriv'd to such a Profusion of Folly as to throw away all their Time upon Sound, and their Money on Pipers and Fiddlers, the World will be as little indebted to their Understandings, as their Understandings are to their own Ears.

Merc. Ay, my dear Doctor, but 'twou'd be very hard because People have no Understandings they should have no Ears neither; no body will allow such People to have the first, and so they are in the right to convince 'em they have the last.

Father. Well, Gentlemen, and what am I to hope? D'ye think, Sir, you can do the Baggage any good?

Merc. Pr'ythee, old Gentleman, how did she come by this Distemper?

Daugh. I catch'd it of my Father, Sir.

Æsc. Of your Father!

Daugh. Yes indeed, he gave it me.

Father. Catch'd it of me, Hussy! I give it you! --- Why you--- you --- you --- did I learn you to squeak, hey? Did I teach you *Tweedle de dum*? Sir, Gentlemen, I don't so much as know a Crotchet from a *Demi-Semi*---I don't know what a murrain they call 'em.--- I learn you Hoh, hoh, hoh! Hah, ha!

Daugh. If you didn't yourself, you employ'd one that did, Sir: Didn't you keep a tallow-fac'd Thing in Mens' Cloaths for Seven Years together about me, under pretence of keeping me out of bad Company? Would your jealous Temper suffer me to be present at any Diverfion, except an *Oratorio*? Not so much as an

D

innocent

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innocent *Opera*, because that was wicked Stage-playing it seem'd. Not so much as to see poor, dear, harmless *Faronelli* act ---- poor dear Creature!

Æsc. How! and do you now accuse her of liking the only thing you would suffer her to like?

Merc. A word with you, old Gentleman. --- This is, I think, the third Indictment you stand convicted upon --- Avarice, Cowardice and Jealousy---three very dangerous Disorders indeed, and require pretty rough Treatment. As for you, Child, I'll take you under my own Care, and will teach you to like something better than Musick, I warrant ye.

Daugh. You are very welcome, Sir.

Æsc. But see what vast Crowds are waiting for Audience.

Merc. To save time then, let us pick out the wise Men first, and when we have done that, we may apply general Medicines to the rest, without enquiring farther into their particular Distempers.

Æsc. Make Proclamation therefore, *Mercury*, that People need no longer trouble themselves with bringing the Fools of their Acquaintance, but hence forward let them bring none but the wise Men.

Merc. 'Slife! *Æsculapius*, art thou no better acquainted with the Nature of Mankind than this? If we stay here till one Man accuses another of Wisdom, we may stay till the end of the World. No, no, *Æsculapius*, in searching the Follies of Mankind, 'twas necessary to have an Account of them from others, and not from themselves; but if you would search for wise Men, you must not ask Mens' Opinion of one another, but take what every Man thinks of himself.

Æsc. Thou art better acquainted with the Humours of Mankind than I am; do as thou wilt.

Merc. [Turning to each side of the Stage.] O---Yes! O---Yes! O--- Yes! Let all those that are wise range themselves upon the Right-hand, and distinguish themselves from the rest.

Æsc. What is the meaning of this? Every Man places himself on the Right-side, except one. ----- Here you, Sir, what are you, pray, who appear so very confidently at the Head of the Wise?

Post.

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Poet. Who? I, Sir? I am a Poet, Sir.

Merc. So I thought, by the Impudence of his Face which thrusts itself forward, and by the Modesty of his Linnen which does not care to appear.

Æsc. Well; and pray, Mr. Poet, what Pretence have you to place yourself so confidently before all the rest?

Poet. Can *Æsculapius* know I am a Poet, and ask that Question? As much as the Sun, in its meridian Glory, is above the glimmering Sparks of the *Milky Way*; as much as Heav'n is beyond this terrestrial Globe; or as much as a Man is above a Brute; so much is a Poet above another Man. It is we who converse with the Gods, and despise the rest of Mankind. It is we who are elevated ----

Merc. Yes, often elevated into a Garret.

Poet. Who despise Riches, Glory and Honour, and seek for nothing but Fame and Immortality.

When conqu'ring Death shall ravish from their Eyes

Those trifling Glories that the Vulgar prize:

When Empires shall be lost, when Crowns shall rust,

And all that's Mortal be dissolv'd to Dust:

Then shall I live immortal in my Fame,

And future Ages shall extol my Name.

Merc. Good! good! It will be a high Satisfaction to a Man, when he is in the Grave, to think his Verses run as smoothly as ever, that his Name stands in red Letters before his Book, or that he has left his wife Face in *Metzotinto* behind him. --- But pray, Sir, you that are so much above all other Men, how comes it you make a Figure so much beneath 'em? Won't your extraordinary Wisdom and Knowledge put you into a way of getting this Coat a little repair'd?

Poet. O lack-a-day, Sir! how silly you talk! begging your Pardon, Mr. *Mercury*! mighty silly, truly. --- Why, arn't the whole World Fools besides us, Sir? and then d'ye think they'll encourage Wisdom? No, Sir, I write, and write, and finely too, I gad! but 'tis to no purpose; no, the silly Town, Sir, won't like my Things, do all I can, Sir.

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Æsc. Ay ----- Why then, Friend, isn't it a Spice of Folly in you to continue to write what People don't approve of?

Poet. Hang 'em, hang 'em! mere Malice and Envy! They have a Spite at any that have more Wit than themselves; as Chimney-sweepers take pleasure in running against People that are well dress'd. But I despise 'em, I despise 'em, Sir; I only write for Posterity.

Merc. Oho! I beg your Pardon, Sir! the Pastry-cooks of Posterity will be highly oblig'd to you.

Poet. Ay, ay, Sir, 'tis for Posterity I lay out all my Thoughts. 'Tis for fame, fame, Sir; that's Life at second-hand, and better than the first, for it lasts longer.

Æsc. But pray, Friend, if other Peoples' talking of you can give you a sort of Life, can't you live by their eating and drinking for you too?

Poet. Sir! --- Sir! I, I, I ---

Merc. Yes, Sir; if you please, I'll procure one to do the latter for you, and see how you'll thrive upon't.

Poet. Sir, I beg you'll not talk to me of such out-of-the-way things; the Food of the Mind, Sir ---

Merc. Is what you seem chiefly to have lived upon, indeed.

Poet. Yes, Sir, I am above attempting to please the dirty Town, Sir --- I abhor, detest, hate and dread the Town, Sir --- I tremble at the very Thoughts of the Town --- methinks I hear their execrable Hisses burst o'er my Head; methinks I see their horrible Artillery levell'd at me --- Whiz! Whiz! they come. --- Sir, I beg Pardon --- a Start of Poetical Inspiration, that's all. --- Write for the Town! No, no, no, Sir; I'll sooner turn my Pen into a Tooth-pick, Sir.

Merc. Um --- that's an Instrument you have but little occasion for, I believe.

Statefin. Stand aside, Mr. Poet, you Oaf, that please yourself with the vain Reversion of imaginary Honours; Gewgaws which you are never to enjoy till you are insensible of 'em. --- Pray, *Æsculapius*, turn him in for a Fool, and hear me a little. Ask me who deserves the Title of a Wise Man; I'll tell you a Statef-

man,

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man, a Politician, one that can direct Senates, advise Kings, and govern Commonwealths.

Merc. Um--- why truly, considering how Senates are generally directed, Kings advised, and Commonwealths govern'd, a Man has no great reason to boast of his having a Hand in either.

Statef. How are we follow'd, courted and adored! What Mountains of Wealth do we heap up for our selves and Families! And how are we flatter'd and cring'd to by all Mankind! Away with Wit and Learning out of the World, they are good for nothing but to make People impertinent and seditious.

Merc. Right; Power and Dominion should not be touch'd upon; *Jupiter* himself is of the same Mind; he's very apt to winch at some o' my Jokes; but Wits will be sawcy, very sawcy, sometimes.

Statef. Horrible, horrible! I am therefore determin'd to procure a Law to burn the four-and-twenty Letters, and to hang up *Cadmus* in Effigy for inventing 'em.

" *Phil.* Peace, thou prophane Blasphemer of Science! thou worse than *Goth* or *Vandal*! Mark me, *Æsculapius*; I am a Philosopher.

" *Merc.* You have a philosophical Chin, I must confess.

" *Æsc.* Well, Mr. Philosopher, what have you to say?

" *Phil.* Why, I'm out of Patience, Sir, to see People take a Title to themselves which they have no Right to. Is there any thing so ridiculous as for this Man to make himself miserable, in order to make himself Great? who seeks the Contempt of the Wise, that he may get the Admiration of Fools? who leads a false dissembling Life, fawning upon those who treat him insolently, and treating those insolently who fawn upon him.

" *Æsc.* Wisely urged, most incomparable Philosopher! and therefore you who can see so clearly thro' the Follies of other People, can best tell us where a wise Man is to be found.

" *Phil.* 'Tis amongst us; amongst us Philosophers only that a wise Man is to be found; it is he who is above all Care, Pain
" or

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“ or Disorder; who places not his Felicity in Beauty, Wealth or
 “ Learning, but looks down with Scorn upon the paltry Enjoy-
 “ ments others prize, and supplies all his Wants by lopping off
 “ his Desires.

“ *Merc.* Um --- that's like a Man's starving himself to death,
 “ that he mayn't live to want.

“ *Phil.* Yes, Sir, 'tis He who is superior to Malice, and in-
 “ sensible to Pain; who, if he were in *Phalaris's* Bull, would
 “ smile amidst the Torture; when that foolish King dark-
 “ ened the Day with his Arrows, they none of 'em reach'd the
 “ Sun; when the Chains were cast into the Sea, they could not
 “ bind the Waves; and those who destroy the Temples do no
 “ Injury to the Divinity: In like manner, whatever is done
 “ against a wise Man, who is only inferior to the Gods in point
 “ of Time, is but attempted in vain.

“ *Merc.* How, Impudence! equal yourself with us! [*Taking*
 “ *him by the Beard, and striking him with his Caduceus.*] I'll
 “ cure you of that Folly.

“ *Phil.* Hold, hold! Murder, Murder, Murder!

“ *Mer.* Oho! have I made you find your Feeling? What is
 “ become of your Godship now, Friend? In spite of your high-
 “ flown Similies, you are not insensible quite. This mighty Man,
 “ who would laugh in *Phalaris's* Bull, can cry out stoutly
 “ upon a little Thrashing.

“ *Æsc.* You had better, Friend, descend a little from this
 “ sublime Region, conform yourself to the Weakness of others,
 “ and convince 'em, by a living Example, of the high Wis-
 “ dom you boast so much of. Believe me, there isn't a greater
 “ Folly in the World than for Men to hope, by their
 “ Pride and Vanity, to exempt themselves from those Infirmities
 “ which all Mankind are naturally subject to.

Enter CUNNING-MAN.

“ *C. Man.* Your Servant, old Gentleman.—— Sir, your
 “ Servant. Who are all these Fools that are pretending to Wis-
 “ dom here?

Æsc.

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“ *Æsc.* And, pray, who are you, Friend, that pronounce ’em
“ all Fools?

“ *C. Man.* Who, Sir? *Un homme du Monde*, Sir; one that
“ knows the World, and is wise enough to manage it too;
“ that’s living Wisdom, Sir; none of your poetical Castles in
“ the Air, nor Philosophical Rhodomontades for me.

“ *Merc.* Soh! these Fools are a kind of Antipodes to each
“ other.

“ *C. Man.* Lookye, Sir, ’tis my Business to make my For-
“ tune out of the Follies of my good Neighbours; to steal upon
“ the blind side, and apply to every one’s Passions; to flatter the
“ Vanity, and play upon the Weakness of those in Power and
“ Interest. I always swim with the Stream, and make my Tack
“ with the Wind, never cross upon a prevailing Mistake, nor
“ oppose any Mischief that has Numbers on its side.

“ *Æsc.* This is the only Wisdom in vogue at present, I must
“ own.

“ *C. Man.* The only, Sir, the only-- If I am in the City, for
“ instance, I never harangue against Circumvention in Trade;
“ if at *Westminster*, I say nothing against entangling Property,
“ spinning out Causes, squeezing of Clients, or making the Law
“ itself a greater Grievance than the Breakers of it; when at
“ Court, not a word of Honour and Sincerity, Plain-dressing or
“ Plain-dealing; in short, I never behave with regard to what
“ Men really are, but what they have a mind to be. ’Tis my
“ Business to make every body happy with themselves, for then
“ I can strike ’em for my own Advantage.

“ *Merc.* Um --- so you never say an ill-natur’d thing, nor ne-
“ ver do a good-natur’d one.

“ *Æsc.* But how d’ye manage when you happen to meet with
“ those of your own Stamp, Friend?

“ *C. Man.* O Sir! we soon find out one another.

“ *Merc.* Yes, and then, I suppose, like other Highwaymen,
“ shake Hands, and take different Roads.

“ *C. Man.* Ah! lack-a-day, Sir, you may give us what Name
“ you please, but Success consecrates the Means, and we are re-
“ ceived, carress’d and applauded in the best of Company.

Æsc.

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“ *Æsc.* May be so, Friend; but what sort of Reputation is
 “ that which is gained by debauching the Understandings of Peo-
 “ ple? Besides, I believe you are as often deceived yourselves as
 “ you deceive others. You that are so very subtil and over-wise in
 “ your own Conceptions, seldom perceive the Truth and Reality
 “ of Things; but because you always Masquerade it yourselves,
 “ you think that every one else does the same.

“ *Merc.* Right; they coin an unthought-of Design for every
 “ Look, and find out an unmeant Meaning in every Smile or
 “ Frown, and are by that means commonly Dupes to their own
 “ Cunning.

“ *Æsc.* Therefore we can by no means admit your Plea, in-
 “ deed, crafty Sir.

“ *Merc.* No, Friend, no; there’s as much difference between
 “ Cunning and Wisdom, as between the Light of the Sun and
 “ an *Ignis Fatuus*; one keeps a Man from stumbling, and t’other
 “ leads him into a Ditch, that’s all.

Daugh. Well, but, Mr. *Mercury*, what d’ye spend your time
 with this *Will o’ th’ Whisp* for? Didn’t you promise me you would
 teach me something that I should like better than Musick? I
 have been waiting yonder a long while for a Lesson. Why don’t
 you come and do as you promis’d.

Merc. Presently, Child; you shou’dn’t be in a Hurry, my
 Dear.

Daugh. Ay, but I am in a Hurry; and if you won’t come this
 Moment, I’ll still insist upon it that Musick’s the only Wisdom,
 and that Singing is the wisest thing any body can do.

Merc. Ay, say you that, my pretty One?

Daugh. Yes, I maintain that there is nothing in the World su-
 perior to a Song, and that the World itself is nothing but a Song.

Merc. ’Tis set to a very scurvy Tune, if it be so.

Æsc. You mistake, *Mercury*, it is not ill set, but ill play’d;
 the Composition’s good, but the Mischief is, that the Performers
 neither stop in Tune nor Time.

Daugh. I’ll sing you a Song upon that, Mr. *Mercury*. You
 won’t say a Word against it, Signior Doctor?

Æsc. Not I, indeed, Child; I would as soon pretend to lay a
 Whirlwind

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Whirlwind with a Thought, as stop that tempestuous Member of
thine with a Word.

S O N G.

Daugh. *If Life can yield any thing pleasant or sweet,
To strew its rough Valley along,
In Musick, I'm sure, we the Blessing must meet,
For why, the whole World's a mere Song.*

*Repair to the Court, and you'll instantly find
Amidst the delusive gay Throng,
No Friendship can hold, nor no Promise can bind,
For the Courtier's Honour's a Song.*

*Go next to the Camp, and review each trim Blade,
How they strut it so stout and so strong,
Turn 'em into War's Field, and I'm hugely afraid,
Their Courage would prove a mere Song.*

*Pray, what are Possessions, tho' ever so great,
Once got the good Lawyers among?
For they'll brief it and thief it, they'll pocket and prate
Till they've brought all your Wealth to a Song.*

*The Fair One, who fondles and lolls on dear Spouse,
And vows she ne'er meant him a Wrong
See, Damon slip in a back Way to the House,
For why, Marriage-Vows are a Song.*

*Thus, Youth, run thro' Life, and try all that you can,
This Truth you must own e'er 'tis long,
Take Greatness or Riches, take Woman or Man,
Your Gains will turn out a mere Song.*

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Now isn't that true, Mr. Doctor, hey? How does your Reverence like it?

Æsc. Why, in troth, Child, whatever Folly the Singer may be guilty of, there is but too much Sense in the Song.

Daugh. Too much Sense! Oh! you would have had an *Italian* Song then?

Merc. Good, good! Ha, ha, ha! This is plain tell-truth *English*, indeed!

Daugh. Ay, I wonder how they could Set it to Musick, for my part!

Æsc. But who is that Fellow that's laughing there by himself?

Merc. Hearkye, you, Sir, who stand by yourself on the left hand, while all the rest are got on the Right; what are you so much diverted at?

Wiseman. Why, at the Follies of all your wise People.

Æsc. And what are you, Friend, who presume to laugh at ev'ry one else?

Wiseman. Alas! Sir, I am a Fool too, and am so well convinced of it, that, you see, I keep on the left Side, when all the rest go to the Right; and were I not convinced my self, I have given sufficient Reason to convince any one else, by troubling my self with correcting the Follies of others, while I have so many of my own that are still uncorrected.

Æsc. What are become of all the Wise Men then, are there none left?

Wiseman. If you take every Man's Opinion of himself, never were there so many; if you take their Opinions of one another, never were there so few. Lookye, *Æsculapius*, the best Method I can propose to distinguish Mankind, is by calling those Men Wise, who know themselves to be Fools; and those Men Fools, who think themselves to be Wise.

Æsc. *Mercury*, thou art a swift Messenger, haste away to *Jupiter*, inform him of what we have done, and know his further Pleasure in the Matter: You may tell him, that, upon a full Survey of Mankind, it appears that every one has such a sufficient Share of Folly, that he has no reason to complain of his Neighbours having more: That, in answer to those who think their Folly obstructs their Happiness, it is very plain, that the Happiness of Man-

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Mankind is so complicated with their Folly, that it is impossible to cure them of the one, without endangering the other too.

Merc. Troth! that's true; should we convince the Fool who squanders away his Money, that he might live to want it; should we convince the Fool who heaps up Treasure, that in a little time he must die and quit it; should we convince the Husband, who places his Happiness in his Wife and Children, that the one cuckolds him, and the other are none of his own; should we convince the Man who does things to be eternally famous, that after Death he will have no Sense of Fame at all; why, we should only make them all miserable.

Æsc. That's the very Case, *Mercury*; by taking away their Folly, we shou'd take away one of the most useful Qualities in Life; so that, upon the whole Matter, we must ev'n leave the World as we found it.

Daugh. Poor Mr. Doctor, I pity you heartily, I vow! And so you can make no hand on't, hey? You and your *Nostrum* must march back again together; Ha, ha, ha! I'm glad on't.

Merc. Yes, Child, for as full of Fools as the World is, he'll scarce be able to get an *Act* to purchase the Discovery on't. However, if *Jupiter* thinks there ought to be somewhat done in this matter, after having made so much Noise about it, the most general Folly in Men being that of shewing Severity to other People's Faults while they overlook their own, he may order a solemn Proclamation to be made, "That no Man shall have the Privilege of censuring the Follies of other People, till he can bring a certificate, under the Hands of three judicious Neighbours, that he has no Folly at all of his own."

Daugh. Dear Mr. *Mercury*, stay a little, and I'll give you a Song on this very Subject.

Mercury. With all my Heart, Child.

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S O N G.

Daugh. *Our Folly is our Neighbour's Gains,
Our Neighbour's Folly ours;
Fool lives on Fool, and what remains
The cunning Knave devours.*

*If 'twas not for the Marrying Fool,
How would you Virgins fare?* [Curtfying to the Boxes.
*If 'twas not for the Keeping Fool,
How those kind Damsels there?* [Pointing to the Slips,

*If 'twas not for the Squand'ring Fool,
Cou'd Citty their Coffers cram?*
If 'twas not for the Writing Fool, [Pointing behind the Scenes
You'd lose the Joy to Damn. [To the Pit.

Merc. Good, good! my little Musical Moralist. — Well, *Æsculapius*, as we have had a Song of Fools, let us have a Dance of Fools too, that we may see 'em in all their Attitudes, and then we shall be able to give a compleat Account of 'em.

Æsc. Any thing, good *Mercury*, to end the Farce, for I'm quite sick of my Part.

Merc. I am the same, by *Jupiter*! And so, you Dancing Fools, be nimble, d'ye hear!

[*A Grand Dance of FOOLS.*

Merc. And now, Gentlemen and Ladies, you may all go home as wise as you came: And, if you don't condemn us for the Folly of attempting the Impossibility of making you wiser, we'll own that, if you are Fools, you are very good-natur'd ones.

F I N I S.

This Day is Publish'd,

An HOSPITAL for FOOLS. A Dramatick Fable. As it is Acted at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane, by His Majesty's Servants. To which is added the SONGS with their Basses and Symphonies. and Transposed for the Flute. The Musick by Mr. Arne. Sung by Mrs. Clive.

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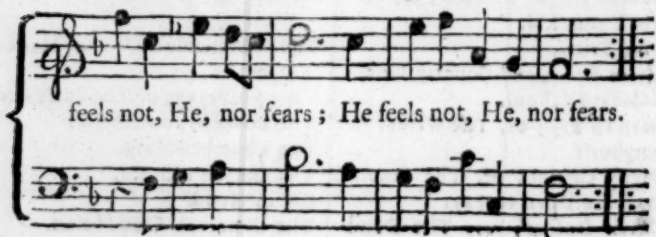
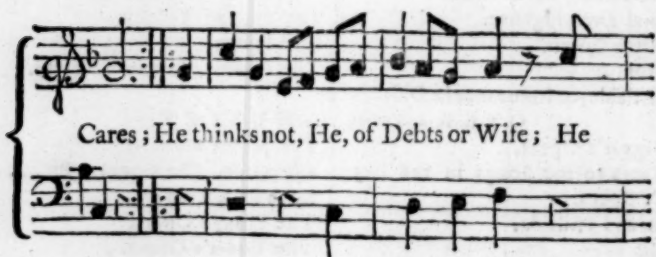
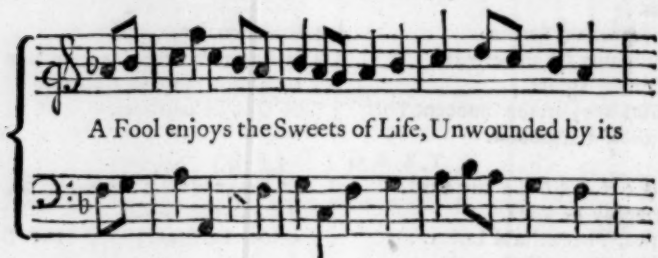
S O N G S.

With their BASSES and SYMPHONIES, and
Transpos'd for the FLUTE.

The Musick by Mr. *A R N E*.

Sung by Mrs. *C L I V E*.

A I R.



S O N G S.

If Fortune smiles, as smile she will,
Upon her booby Brood,
The Fool anticipates no Ill,
But reaps the present Good.

Or should, thro' love of Change, her Wheels
Her fav'rite Bantling cross,
The happy Fool no Anguish feels,
He weighs not Gain or Loss.

When Knaves o'er-reach, and Friends betray,
Whilst Men of Sense run mad,
Fools, careless, whistle on --- and say,
'Tis silly to be sad.

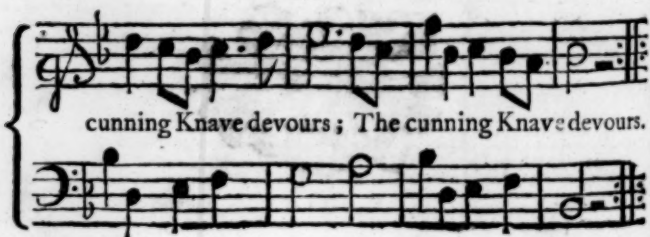
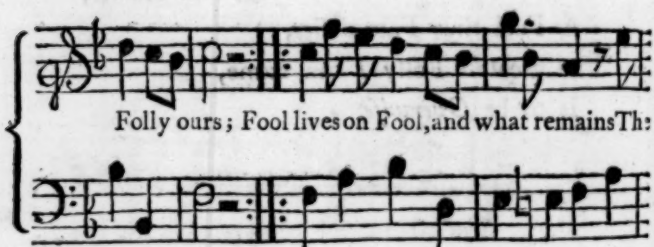
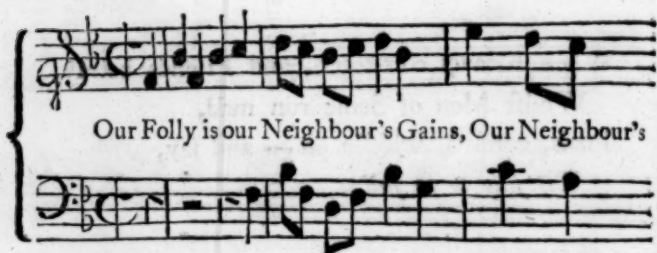
Since, free from Sorrow, Fear, and Shame,
A Fool thus Fate defies,
The greatest Folly I can name,
Is to be *Overwise.*



A I R

S O N G S.

A I R.



S O N G S.

If 'twas not for the Marrying Fool,
How would you Virgins fare? [*Curtfying to the Boxes.*
If 'twas not for the Keeping Fool,
How those kind Damsels there? [*Pointing to the Slips.*

If 'twas not for the Squand'ring Fool,
Cou'd Citts their Coffers cram?
If 'twas not for the Writing Fool, [*Pointing behind the Scenes*
You'd lose the Joy to Damn. [*To the Pit.*

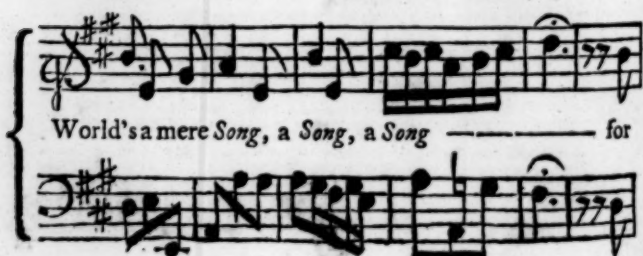
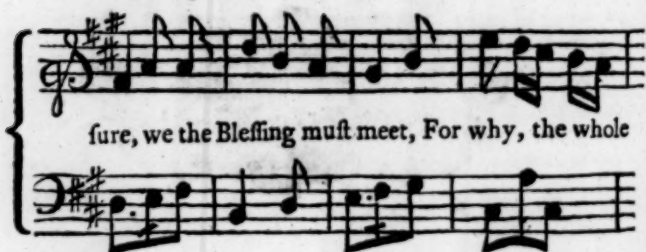
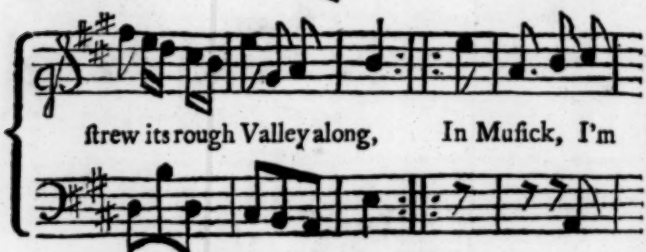
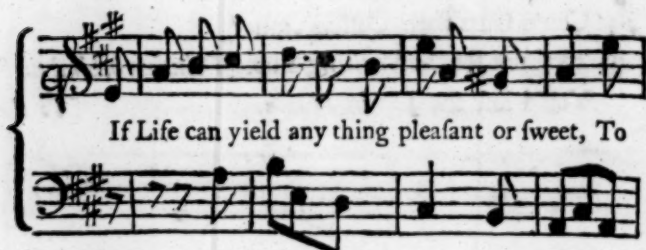


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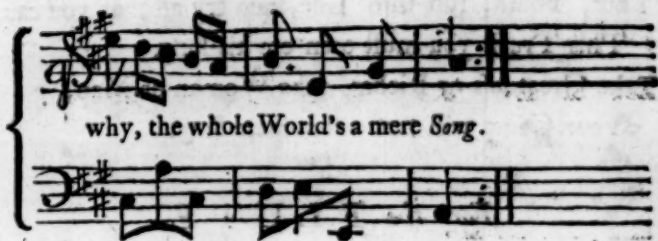
A I R

S O N G S.

A I R.



S O N G S.



why, the whole World's a mere *Song*.

Repair to the Court, and you'll instantly find
Amidst the delusive gay Throng,
No Friendship can hold, nor no Promise can bind,
For the Courtier's Honour's a *Song*.

Go next to the Camp, and review each trim Blade,
How they strut it so stout and so strong,
Turn 'em into War's Field, and I'm hugely afraid,
Their Courage would prove a mere *Song*.

Pray, what are Possessions, tho' ever so great,
Once got the good lawyers among?
For they'll brief it and thief it, they'll pocket and prate
Till they've brought all your Wealth to a *Song*.

The Fair One, who fondles and lolls on dear Spouse,
And vows she ne'er meant him a Wrong,
See, *Damon* slips in a back Way to the House,
For why, Marriage-Vows are a *Song*.

Thus,

S O N G S.

Thus, Youth, run thro' Life, and try all that you can,
 This Truth you must own ere 'tis long,
 Take Greatness or Riches, take Woman or Man;
 Your Gains will turn out a mere *Song*.

For the FLUTE.



F I N I S.



